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SONG.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

The world, the world is beautiful!
How glorious are the hills,
Adorned with shrines of mighty trees,
And gems of sparkling rills.

How grand an ancient forests are!
How fair its verdant vales!
How bright an opulent sea sounds,
Overswept by fragrant gales.

Oh! I'm a world where all things die,
Whereon day is chased by night—
Which change, and sin, and misery,
Have all conquered to blight—

Beneath yet as many charms,
Which at no birth were given—
It still so solely beautiful,
What must we think of Heaven?

Oh! it is a vision of the blest
And veiled by angels true!
Then, oh! my soul, shine on the way
That leads thee to thy God.

THE LOST TREASURE;
OR,
THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER VII.

A WILD ADVENTURE.

It was some time ere either of the girls could command presence of mind enough to look about them for means of help. The danger had been upon them like a thunderbolt. The current was irresistible, and the wind seemed to freshen, while its direction blew them directly down the river.

"Is there no piece of board with which we can guide our boat to the shore?" asked Eleanor, as soon as she could speak calmly.

Blanche looked about, but she could find none. The reeds were tied, and not a stick could be found.

It had grown darker than when they were in the streets, for great masses of clouds had rolled up from over the mountains, and most of the stars were obscured. The wind continued to freshen, and the flash was driven at a swift rate of the oceanets—now with the prow foremost—now sideways—and some stern-to—but still onward with resistless force.

"Oh! what are the lights of the palace?" cried Eleanor. "In God's name, is there no way to reach it?"

"I know of none," returned Blanche, frightened more at the agony of her mistress than by any apprehension of danger to herself.

"We are passing! And the king may even now be waiting for me!"

"It must be past midnight, my mistress."

"So late? Yet it must be so. Alas! why were we so forgetful, Blanche?"

"Why we, I've forgotten, you mean, good lady. Oh! I shall never forgive myself! It was all my fault. I should have seen to it!"

"No, no, Blanche. You wrong me in that. It was as much my fault as yours. But—we are passing the palace! Cry out—scream—anything! Oh! anything to gain the chamber of the king!"

Both the girls called out for help at the top of their voices, but no help came. They called again and again, but the lights of the palace, like eyes in the head of a huge Argus, seemed to mock them from their towering height. When they were faint and hoarse they ceased their cries, and, again as the royal residence was lost to view, save the dim, ghost-like glare of a few of its lights upon the thick air, Eleanor groaned:

"Lost! Lost!"

And Blanche had no word of hope to offer, for she saw that the worst had not yet come. The clouds had rolled up higher and blacker, and the stars were all obscured. The maid held her tiny lantern out over the water, but it only served to render the gloom more deep about them. It glared upon the water only a few feet, and cast into the darkness not a bit. A wall of blackness seemed to surround them, and whither they went they could not tell. No more lights were seen upon the shore, and the fire of the river's banks had entirely disappeared.

Hark!" uttered Eleanor. "What sound is that?"

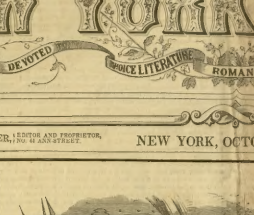
"It is the voice of the storm," replied Blanche. "I heard it some time since. It is upon us now.—Ah—it comes!"

As she spoke Eleanor felt a cold drop of rain upon her head—then another—and another; and at once came the pattering of drops upon the boat, and upon the water. The wind had grown to a gale, and the rain soon fell in torrents.

Until now the ladies had been mere company, for it had served to show to each the face of the other, as well as to show them the boat in which they were floating away. Even the dim glare upon the unquieted sea before her had been to Eleanor a source of relief, for it gave her yet something tangible to rest upon, and she had busied her thoughts in wondering if it could not be torn from its place. But the oil in the lamp had burned wholly out, and as the last dull flicker told its death the dark wall gathered closely in, shutting the girls up in two separate prisons of gloom. Eleanor strained her eyes to their utmost, but she could see nothing. She held up her hand before her face, but she recognized it not. There was no glimm of light—not a particle.

"Blanche, come and sit by me," she said.

"Not both in the stern," returned the attendant.



THE FIRE CHAMBER OF THE ALMANZO.

"We shall be safer here. The boat will lie more evenly balanced. Here—give me your hand."

She reached forth her arm as she spoke, and when Eleanor had found it she groped her way to the seat upon which her steward sat. It was the longest thwart—the one amidships—and they both sat, with room enough upon it, clasped in each other's arms. The rain now fell in torrents, and the wind blew fiercely. The little boat, whirled in all ways by the surging flood, often came high upon rolling, but the tenacious kept their places, and thus saved themselves.

"We must land somewhere," said Eleanor, seeking to draw some word of hope from her companion.

"Of course we must," was the response. "It not before daylight, we can get help then."

"Daylight! Oh! and we shall be many miles away! *Lost! Lost!*"

Be not so sure of that, my mistress. You know not what may happen."

There was a silence of some moments, during which both the girls tried to peer out into the gloom upon the shore, but no shore could be seen. They could only see the black water beside them, like a troubled sea of ink, and hear the patter of the great rain-drops. Suddenly Eleanor started, and clasped her companion more firmly.

"Hark!" she muttered, in terror-tones. "What is that?"

"I don't know," returned Blanche, trembling.

"How loud it roars. Can it be that the flood is increasing at so fearful a rate?"

But Blanche made no reply. She listened to the distant roar, which grew louder and louder, and soon made sure that it was ahead of them, and so she told her mistress.

"O-I know," cried Eleanor, as the roar of rushing waters now sounded close upon their right hand, "it must be the great breach from the north that empties in here."

"The Ostomis?"

"Yes."

"Then we are two good leagues away from Barcelona."

"We must be."

"And at this rate we shall pass Basiel before day."

"If we pass it at all it must be before day, for we are over half way there now," said Eleanor. "If we should meet some eddying current—Oh! how we rock!" she suddenly exclaimed, as the boat began to pitch wildly about.

They had come within the influence of the meeting of the two waters, and for some time the little boat tossed and vibrated, and swung around in an alarming manner. But at length the swift current went on more smoothly, and the girls' fears of death were in a measure quieted.

And thus passed the moments, long, dark, and drear. Eleanor thought only of the knight in the prison, and of the terrible fate which might be his all through the night. Blanche was full of gloomy thought, also; though she feared most for her dear mistress, and of the blame which she attached to herself for having forgotten the oars.

Oh! an! an!—through storm and gloom and peril! They could not count the time—only they felt that hours and hours had gone, and that the night must be wrought half through. Eleanor had just laid her head upon her companion's shoulder when they were both startled by feeling the boat whirl round and round with incredible swiftness. They both cried out in terror, and while they cried they received a shock which threw them from their seat, backward, into the bottom of the boat.

Blanche was the first to gain her feet, and when she found that their little bark was stationary, and her eye could detect the difference between the water upon one hand and the land upon the other, she cried out:

"Oh! good Santa Maria. We are ashore! Eleanor —mistress—we are ashore!"

She would have helped the maiden up, but the latter had already risen, and was getting about her feet.

"Come," pursued Blanche, eagerly, "let us get from the water the current takes us off."

"Yes—hurry," returned Eleanor, who now realized their position.

It was soon found that the boat lay broadside upon the shore, and Blanche stepped out first. She found a secure footing, and then helped her mistress out. But which way now? They could see the flooding, its terrible river, and they could feel the matted grass beneath their feet. They moved on, away from the water, but were soon stopped by finding themselves in the mud, while deep, quickey they drew back upon the tangled sward.

"Why more from here while he is there?" said Blanche, as they gained a safer footing. "We know not where we are, nor can we tell which way we go."

"We will stay here till daylight comes," returned Eleanor. "And then may God be with us to the end!"

So there they stood, beneath a pelting rain, which they were tired, and then sat down upon the cold, soaking ground. Sleep would have crept, but Blanche would not permit it.

"It will be worse for you if you do," the faithful servitor said aloud. "If we both awake we may escape severe sickness; but oh! think of sleep."

And there they sat—in the open air, long time —until the dark cloak had lapped in the east. Gradually they could see the form of the river and the shore, and then the land grew more distinct. The clouds began to look away, and the storm made sure that it was ahead of them, and so she told her mistress.

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"Oh! good Santa Maria. We are ashore! Eleanor —mistress—we are ashore!"

"Now look to; I don't know about this," said the man, with an unnecessary acute look. "I believe you are women in disguise."

"Women we are not in disguise," quickly declared Eleanor, throwing open her cloak, and revealing the rich dress beneath. "These garbs were put on to protect us from the chill air as we took a sail upon the river. The oars of our boat were lost to us—the current was strong—the gale came—the rain, and the thick darkness—and in the utter depth of night we were swept away. We had no means of managing our bark, and when we finally gained the shore it was by being driven into a tangled half a league below here."

"Ah—then you've had a ton in the Devil's Pot," chuckled mine host, with a broad grin.

"And a long night it was and cold," added the maiden, "as let us have horses, for I see by your signs that you have a hostelrie here."

"But to what part of Burgos would ye go?" asked the host, curiously.

"To the Royal Palace," quickly replied Eleanor, with a trembling lip and flashing eye.

"Ah! To the palace. Now I truly thought that," rejoined the red publican, half to himself.

"Out upon the fool!" cried the maiden, her impatience taking the lead. "Here—see the king's own order for our admittance to him—*as our return.*"

Thus speaking she drew a small roll of vellum from her bosom and handed it to the host. He opened it and turned it about in various ways, but seemed to make nothing of it. Just then his wife came to see what all the talking was about.

"Ah—see! There, see if you can read that," commanded the husband, handing the document to his better-half.

She took it, and after spelling it carefully through she turned to her companion with a look of wonder and alarm.

"It's from the king!" she uttered, in what was meant for a whisper, but which was plainly overheard by Eleanor. "It's an order for the immediate admittance of the lady who comes with it. Lord save that you haven't been rude to her. See to the chicken. She's a noble lady. Be careful. What does she want?"

"Horses for Burgos."

"Of course you'll get your pay?"

"Hush—she says she'll pay in advance."

"Fool! Start thyself and fetch the best from the stall."

The host made no reply to his wife, but turning to the applicant he handed back the parchment, and then asked—

"What will you give for the man and the three horses to Burgos?"

"Here—this brand piece of gold," she replied, showing a Castilian coin worth nearly twenty ducats.

"You will?" eagerly cried the publican, putting out his palm.

"Not yet," returned Eleanor. "Let me see the horses in the door, all equipped, ready for a start, and it shall be yours."

The red face disappeared with marvelous quickness into the broken-back the latter was in. They did so, and furthermore accepted the offer of some cold meat which was brought them soon as care and bidden retreat unknown to the usual frequenters of the house. It helped to start and warm the blood afresh in the girls' veins, and they felt better for it.

In a very few minutes the horses were at the door, one of them already mounted by a youth of some sixteen years, who wore an honest look that might be trusted. As Eleanor stepped out she placed the gold piece in the publican's hand. She did not stop to see him grasp it, and worship it, but vaulting quickly to her saddle, she gathered up the reins, and bade the youth start on.

"How far to Burgos?" she asked, after they were on their way.

"Just three leagues to the bridge, lady," replied the guide.

"And we can make the palace in an hour. Stop.—No words. Another broad gold piece for you if you are with us there in that time!"

"Truly?—truly?"

"*Aye—by my life!*"

"Then them beasts shall travel as master never dreamed of. A broad gold piece! Santiago! I'll be rich!"

Thus speaking the fellow plunged the rowels into the flanks of his horse, and in a moment upon the three animals were flying over the road at the top of their speed.

In half an hour they had reached the top of a hill which the guide assured them was over half-way, and from where they could see the domes and spires of the capital flashing in the rich light of the morning sun.

"On! on!" cried Eleanor, as they dashed down the hill. "All the horse-gems upon earth could not purchase one hour of the life I seek to save! Oh! for your breed gold pieces—on!"

The foaming beasts dashed over the road, the white flakes flying from their flanks as they cut the balmy air, and within the hour they stood panting and quivering at the gates of the castle-palace.

"Santiago!" bell went this stiffen 'un!" exclaimed the hostler, as he gazed upon the foam-covered, trembling animals.

"Here, good sir—here are two broad pieces instead of one—as you can afford to buy and rest awhile at yonder inn. And accept my blessing, too."

Eleanor heard the warm thanks of the youth as she leaped up the broad steps that led to the drawbridge, but she turned not back to look at him. As the wicket she rang the bell, for the great gate was not yet open.

"Tis too early for visitors," said the stout porter, looking out.

"No, no—See! It says admit me at whatever hour I may come! See!"

The soldier took the parchment and unfolded it, and in a few moments more the wicket was opened. The huge bolts and bars were drawn, the iron-studded portals, and many feet rushed out the single entrance. Eleanor, hurrying upon her climb, and as length the maiden, wet, weary, and all covered with mud, sank down her knees before the lady who was in his private room.

"Whom have we here?" the monarch cried.

"How! the lady Eleanor!"

"Hold, sire!" the maiden exclaimed, starting to her feet just as Alfonso had moved forward to lift her up. "Hear me first!"

And then, in wild, but yet coherent tones, she went on to tell her story—of her visit to Enrique de Moreno—of the confession of the latter—of his fear of his prayer and demand to meet his accuser in the lists before God and man—of the fact that he serve his king—of her own interception by the prince—how he had dragged her, and herself unconscious—of her escape to the boat, and of the sad drowning that befell her, and the dangers through which she had passed.

"Have him! save him!" she cried, clasping the hands of the king while the tears rolled down her pale cheeks. "Oh! hasten! hasten! Even now he may be at his deadly work! Upon my life, a truer or braver knight Castile never knew, nor her king a more loyal subject!"

"By the crown of my father, I'll see to this!" exclaimed Alfonso, now fired with interest. "I waited for the last night, fair cousin. But of that anon.—— What ho, there!—Pedro!"

A boy quickly made his appearance.

"Go send the captain of our guard here. Bid him hasten for life!"

Eleanor heard this order given, but she could hear no more. She sprang to her feet, where she would have fallen to the floor, had not the king himself caught her in his arms, and borne her to a couch. He knew that her mind was without, and he sent for her.

"By my soul!" the monarch murmured to himself, "there's something strange in this! If—— But no, no—fair cousin, let——"

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRE CHAMBER!

"What think you now, Gomez?" asked Enrique, after Eleanor was gone. "Was I not fortunate in securing the services of such a being?"

"You found an angel, my master," returned the companion, with a sneer. "But still," he added, jeeringly, "you ran a risk."

"Love—you know, knows no risk," cried the knight, zealously. "It knows nothing but the bright ends that weave the end, and make the heart on to look in its soft, witching light. Yet I will find can a risk, or, I should say, I can do it at running a risk for her, as it served me to prevent disaster has little or nothing to do with the love between her and myself, or myself."

"True, my master—as it turns out. You ran your head into a trap, but instead of getting caught yourself, you caught another."

"A prize? Win her, Gomez? Do you think so?"

"Ah, my master, I did not mean that. I meant that you may have won your life, which the prince had surely meant to take from you."

"Ah!—Well—perhaps you are right. I should be wild—to think of gaining her. And yet—" Enrique hesitated, and then, as the quick, loud clash of his frank cold now energetic was his movement, he added—" If the prince be champion of Castile now, I'll be the champion of I must hint? Gomez, answer me truly——"

"If I answer thee at all, it shall be as my best knowledge and belief shall dictate," said the sculptor, curtly.

"Then tell me: What think you would be the result of a meeting in the lists between the prince and myself?"

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"The more so between a Nubian fish and a leopard," answered Gomez, quietly.

"And the lion, Gomez?"

"Came from the mountains, and slew the man most grateful to all Castile."

"By all that is good, my faithful Gomez, thou art right. Even with three fetters upon me, and this damp, noisome air about me, I feel that I could enjoy the accursed villain from before me!"

"At all events," responded the esquire, soberly, and with perfect composure, "I should not fear of losing my master because the lance or the sword of Nuno de Cabanera was opposed to him."

Enrique expressed his gratitude for the flattering opinion thus exhibited, and then gave himself up to his own thoughts. Ere long they both sought their rough pallets, and were soon in the land of dreams. The knight slept long and soundly, and when he was finally aroused, it was by the voice of Gomez.

"Ho! My master! Some one is coming!"

The knight started up in the sudden fashion, and tried to collect his thoughts, but before he could fair rub is mind till that had passed, he had been dreaming—the door of the dungeon was opened, and a number of men appeared. One of them bore a lantern, which was placed upon the floor.

"Enrique de Mosera!" pronounced one who held a paper in his hand.

"This is my name," answered sure hero, within whose heart the spark of hope grew brighter, for he thought any of his enemies to be the king, and the fair being who had borne it.

"Count Ramiro!" called the same voice.

"I am most assuredly—Ay," returned the esquire. "Perhaps you'd like to speak—Are I" suggested the official, low in a mild tone.

"Not if you'll take us to a better place," was the quick reply of Gomez.

"Well—well! see what we can do for you," re-plied the man with the paper. Then turning to his followers, of whom there were six, he bade them quit the dungeon and the look-out from the prisoners.

"But why not the manacles?" asked Enrique.

"We'll see to them at the proper time," was the response. "To against the law of the prison to load men forth entirely free."

Enrique said no more, but stood up in have the bonds taken from his feet, and when this was done, and the chain removed, he was led from the cell, two stout men, holding him by the arms, and two more politely waited upon Gomez. A fifth went ahead with the lantern, and led the way to the cell, while the sixth walked in the rear. Enrique could see but very little, for the only light he had was from the dim lantern, and that was so far be was being led along a low, arched corridor of rel ish masonry, deep within the sides of which were sunken many doors. He fancied he was not going towards the place in which he had entered, and ere long he had confirmation of it, for they had come to a narrow, steep flight of stone steps, only wide enough for two men to go abreast. These they ascended, and they led to another corridor—still dark—but wider, for here Enrique had no doors upon his sides. By-and-by Enrique saw a short way in advance of him a place like passage seemed to contract into a number arch. Perhaps this was the outlet—and yet he felt no fresh air. As he came up to the place, he saw that this passage was built within the passage, and he found that it was [illegible] He passed between the openings, and found that the passage was cut off, for only solid walls were about them.

"Now we'll remove your manacles, and in a few minutes you shall have your liberty."

As the official thus spoke, his attendants cast off the irons, and then left the place. He felt that he had already gone. Enrique heard a deep, full creak, as of the falling of some ponderous body, and he started towards the sound. The lantern had been left behind, and by its light the youth could now see quite plainly. He gained the end, and—that was all! A cold wall had intervened! He caught up the lantern and hurried back. A massive door of iron, thickly studded with bolts, barred up the passage. In the middle of it, where it could be opened, for he had heard no bolt moved, nor had any other act of securing it been apparent. He cast his eyes over it, and a cold shudder ran through his frame, and the lantern dropped from his nerveless grasp.

"What is it?" asked Gomez, in alarm.

"See!" gasped Enrique, pointing to the slits of the iron arch. "This door has been let down from above! It slides up and down in some grooves! It is no hinged affair, to grow rusty and shut slowly, but its own terrible weight brings it to its place to an instant. And we have rightly it alone!"

Gomez picked up the lantern, which had fallen in its proper position, and examined the door for himself. He found it just as his master had said. It had glided down, in some sliding grooves, from some space above the arch, and was firm and tight.

"And the floor is of iron!" cried the esquire, after he had examined that portion of the place.

"Aye—and the walls, too," responded Enrique.

"And the ceiling," added the esquire—"but is here as well?"

A further survey satisfied them that they were not mistaken. They were in an apartment of ten feet square, by the same in height. The floor the walls, and the ceiling were formed by massive plates of iron, and the whole made into one ca-pious mass by stout bolts that were set in rivets. Not an answer—not even a chink of any kind could be found!

Gomez sat down the lantern and gazed into his master's face.

"And that we are to die!" cried Enrique, clasping his hands upon his knees. "Honour has failed in her mission!"

"How long—as we live here, allowing that no air can get to our cells?" asked Gomez.

"I know not, my dear Gomez. I am not skilled in such matters. Yet I think we shall want fresh air ere we can live long."

"The thought of such a death is terrible, master."

"Aye," returned Enrique, shuddering. "To die inch by inch—to feel young life ebbing away while the love for it grows stronger and stronger—to know that a tyrant—a villain of Satan's own sole—has the very heart-dad beats here within his power, to stop its pulsations at will—to know that sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor the sweet, balmy breath of Heaven, can cheer one more on mine—and, alas! to feel that these bright, loving eyes will break upon me—Gomez, shall I die first or first?"

The young knight leaned against the iron wall, and bowed his head upon his hands; and then he stood for some moments.

"It must be morning, Gomez," he said, at length.

"Aye—I should think so, my master."

"And it is, what then," the youth murmured, half to himself. "What hope have I in the morning?—It must be well into the day."

Another season of silence ensued, which was broken by Gomez.

"How warm and sultry it grows here," he said, wiping his drops of sweat from his brow. "Do you not feel it, my master?"

"It is warmer than it was," returned Enrique, as the same time brushing the moisture from his own brow.

"How close!" uttered the esquire, a few minutes afterwards. "My lungs feel the want for increasing heat!"

"Your heart?" exclaimed the knight, starting as though an arrow had pierced his breast.

"Yes," said Gomez, astonished by the sudden-ness of his master's emotion.

Enrique stooped down and laid the palm of his hand upon the iron floor.

"Great God!" he ejaculated, "we are in the Fiery Chamber!"

"The *Fire Chamber?*" repeated Gomez, vacantly.

"Aye!" resumed Enrique, almost in frenzy; "that hellish invention of Alhamozor, which he invented to roast Christian in. Fool of the floor! fool of the floor!"

Gomez stooped and laid his hand upon it, and found it hot!

"Ha—ha—here! Look! Oh, my God, look there, Gomez! See that fiend-spot!—See the monster's head in the fire of Mohammed!"

Gomez looked, and in the further corner—the corner opposite the door—he saw a bright red spot which had not been there before; and as he watched he could see the casting atmosphere which it emitted up from great heat.

"*Is red-hot!*" he gasped.

"And 'twill be still redder ere long!" whisper-ed his master, heavily.

"Help Father!" he shouted Gomez, clasping his hands. "Is there no help?"

"The door!" cried Enrique, darting towards the arch. "Let us try it."

Gomez quickly followed him, and they tried to find a place where they might get a hold, but they lifted against the bolt-heads, but their hands slipped, and the bolts were moved not a hair. Enrique finally they tried to force their fingers into the narrow slits beneath the iron bars, but it was of no use—only up by the iron which had fallen into it. Then, as the heavy grew stronger upon them each lifted against the metal plates with all their might, and cried out for help.

They called in turn.

"We might as well try to hit the big peak of the Moncayo with a pebble," said the knight, as he sank against the opposite wall, tired and weak.

"There is no hope, then, my master?" as he turned from the door, and proved his hands upon his knees.

"No!" whispered the esquire. "See how it grows! Oh! Holy Virgin, have left!"

The knight looked at the iron cage, and he saw that the whole corner had assumed the same fearful hue, though not so bright as that which met his sight. With glaring eyes the youth stood and watched the changing of the iron. The corner grew red hot and quick, and great drops rolled down its face. The atmosphere of the room was now in an intense degree, and respiration was labored and painful.

Once more Enrique rushed to the door and pressed his lips against the bridges. He tried to drive his tongue into the orifice—and yet to his astonishment a breath of cooled gross and rust greeted his senses. He had found open the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

DREAMINGS.

BY ELLEN M. HUTAN.

"Miss-ssippy hers fire hundred in light,
Beneath the Heaven of them."

The young ones merrily dance
Across the blue and silent zone of light;
And from afar some lonesome song floats down
On the mild night.

My chair turns with a glow
From olden dream-and tears rush to mine eyes,
For I am an exile north—and change and woe—
And there art in the sky!

Thou art there in light,
Above whose sweet songs are hushed in storm and chill,
Lights that are quenched in wave or midnight shade,
All those are round me still.

But those are also near me
The sunny glory of each burning star!
Art thou not winged with light, and bland and free,
Where all things lovely are?

Were I—and oh thou
Till my vision faded in my lonely heart,
Say, would not skies ever fair be mine
From where I know thou art?

Night I not wander o'er
Each league of earth, each deep wave of the sea,
And search the hungry of each crowded chore
In vain—to rest for thee?

Could I—to thee the clouds,
As the pale moon climbed on the night sky,
Or go to send them not the various sounds
That throng each starry light.

* * * * *

CLAUDE FRESNE.

BY CORA HILL.

On the borders of the forest of Marfaux, near the town of that name, and distant thirty-two leagues from Paris, stands a substantial, old-fashioned mansion, of chateau, half terrace, half manor. It is built in the quaint Norman style of architecture, encircled in a little domain of forest and orchard, and is sheltered from the dusty highroad by a belt of tall, shadowy trees.

Chateau Fresne was part of a fief that belonged to a family, also, though of less distinction, had for generations occupied the rank of landed proprietors, and had originally owned as many acres as they could survey from its tall, narrow windows; but the last head of the family, a gay, dissipated man, had lost all by gambling; and even this humble portion of a once princely estate his widow had only been permitted to retain during her life. When cut with sorrow, Madame Fresne died while yet in the prime of life, and her two children were left destitute of even a home. The walls of a neighboring convent offered an asylum to the little girl and the son, who had studied for the law, prepared a few weeks after his mother's decease, to set out for Paris, with the view of accomplishing his legal studies.

His mother's grave—the grassy fields—the quiet farm, with their soon-green thickets—the luxuriance in the forest, by whose brink he used to spend long hours in dreamy revelry—every familiar object and every nook of that loved home was visited for the last time by Claude Fresne before his departure—even from the hands of old Antoine, and endearing with fruitful affection the faithful creature, accustomed as he bore and rode away.

The summer's sun shone brightly through the branches of the forest trees, that bent over the path as the youth galloped lightly on, from time to time heading gracefully in his seat to avoid a blow from their horizontal branches. At mid-day's noon, the air was crisp and dry, the blue sky unclouded by a single cloud, and the light and pleasantry as they lopped from twig to twig. The youth himself was one right pleasant to look upon, with a frank, ingenuous countenance, and a quick, sparkling eye, in which an observer might have detected a spirit rather too strong to resist a wrong, but for the secret smile that played about his full, parted mouth. Even his dress, though of somewhat coarse and rustic, could not disguise the fair proportions of a figure singularly light and graceful.

The young man reverently removed his cap, as he alighted before the walls of the St. Madeleine, and in a few moments was closed in the arms of a young girl, whose features, though softer and more beautiful, bore a too decided resemblance to his own not to warrant the supposition of their being brother and sister.

"And are you glad, dear Julie?" murmured the young lady, tearfully.

"Yes, dear Lucette; but fear not, I will return soon, or send for you. Promise me, my sister, that you will sell grieve, and I will dare the world more bravely."

With mingled tears and smiles the sister promised. She out of one of her weeping, storm curls, and proudly fastening some holly relic round his neck, she kissed him again and again, and, after waving her white hand at the little wicket of the convent till he was out of sight.

Making a sudden detour in his course, the young man now spurred his horse's curb, and in appearance animal, as if obeying a well-known signal, trotted lightly up a little green lane, at some distance from the convent, whose grey walls were still visible through the trees. The youth alighted, unlatched a little gate made in the wall, and followed demurely by his steed, entered a well kept pleasure-garden, or flower-garden. Here, among the choicest treasures rose out of the sunny turf, and clumps of orange and pomegranate interspersed with peach and plum trees, which, laden with ripe fruit, bent over the paths.

Claude, followed by his horse, who skillfully kept on the broad, graveled walk, bent his steps to a little rustic arbor, at the top of the garden. He had hardly seated himself, when a young girl started from behind the thick vine-covered lattice.

She certainly was not city bred, or she would not have exhibited with such unreserve of joy.

"Oh, Claude, I have been tired to death waiting for you!" A confession which the young gentleman immediately took advantage of, by putting his arm round her and kissing her rosy cheek in the most impudent manner, and which, as we regret to say was only rewarded by the lady's blushing and sliding down beside him.

"I have to crave your pardon, dear Julie," said the youth, and he took pleasure one of the little hands that played with the dimpled chin of the lady, and gazed fondly in her face; "but I had so much to do. This is my last day, you know. Stay, dear one, no tears now; remember, I will soon come to claim his love's hand," and he rapturously pressed it to his lips.

Though fat, perhaps, what a connoisseur in female beauty would call lovely, Julie de Chevrette was certainly no fascinating a young lady as ever inspired a lover's rapture. How shall we describe her? She was not very tall, or very sylph-like, or delicate; on the contrary, her brown cheeks were as round and as red as apples; no symptoms of constitutional delicacy were visible in her plump figure, for her light-lining Joseph of green silk scarcely confined the swelling luxuriance of eighteen summers; her large, hazel eyes, soft as those of a fawn's always are, yet sparkled with laughing vivacity, and would have indicated a joyous spirit even without the rosy mouth, arched like Cupid's bow, and the presence of a note of that peculiar style of sound by the French, *le petit rire nerveux*: that is, one which scarcely turns up with merriment. Such was Julie; but when the same untrained vision might behold only ordinary charms, Claude had discovered perfection.

Nearly an hour had passed, and the lovers still sat in that pleasant arbor, engrossed in that delightful converse which time can do nothing but speed on a charming picture. Claude's arm was round her waist, and her head lay on his breast, with all those as if drinking in those eloquent words. The horse, too, made part of it, for he browsed quietly beside them, occasionally putting his huge head into the young lady's lap to see if the bouffette of gauze cap she held tenderly to his mouth.

"Adieu, dear Julie, and believe me I will work hard until I have gained a competence sufficient to satisfy thy father."

"Ah, dear, excellent Claude, then must not work too hard," said Julie, turning into tears. "Remember, dear, that Antoine will be left behind to watch your strength too much."

They parted, with hopes and sunlight hopes, for youth is ever so, and colors the future with its own bright hues.

It had been more when the lovers met, and now the mid-day sun had bathed every object in his glowing beams, when Claude Fresne reined up the horse on the eminence that overlooked the mansion of the chateau de Marcelle, Julie's father. The youth took a last look at it, and the convent, whose spire was still visible, and with unreasonable blessings on the loved ones they contained, he galloped forward. The hour, fresh and strong, bounded him on by over the road, and he was soon many miles on his journey.

He had traveled for some hours when he suddenly became aware that he had forgotten in the arbor his valise, containing not only his change of clothes but letters and provisions for the road, carefully packed by old Antoine. Fortunately, long enough to a traveler, the circumstance gave him no alarm, on account of the smallness of the horse it would give Julie when she discovered it.

The shades of evening were falling, when he overtook a stout, middle-aged man, with a lame leg. The frank, jovial face of the man, was in itself prepossessing, but when Claude saw that a tattered rod cast he was a soldier his heart warmed to him. I loved a soldier for the sake of my country, and though he had met an untimely death, when Claude was a boy, he remembered with the memory as associated in his remembrance with the brave and true gentleman.

The old man politely expressed himself glad of the youth's company, and they rode forward in conversation. He was going, he said, to Illetine, and hoped to be able to reach it before night. Gendarmes, and all other persons, should be willing to a lame soldier, Jacques Prevost, as he styled himself, and he was not a little astonished to hear his supper.

Despite of years and philosophy, we feel hunger keenly at twenty. Mentioning the case of his portmanteau, Claude proposed that they should halt at a village, and dined very heartily from the contents of the valise. Jacques supplemented the meal by occasional pull from a rotund winker flask; but Claude preferred quenching his thirst with the pure stream that ran babbling beside him.

They bade each other adieu at the door of the cottage, and Claude, mounting his steed, rode on alone. Lost in thought, he became suddenly aware that a voice was imploring his horse delighted with delight, and presently large drops of rain fell, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Claude looked about for shelter, for the rain now became a downpour, and clap after clap of thunder reverberated overhead. Suddenly, not far in sight, but not knowing the paths that led to them, he saw a few straggling houses, and, hastily urging the ripe corn and vines, a proceeding that caused the animal to bound forward, he reached the peasants.

He was about to take shelter in the dense forest which bordered the high road, when he thought he discerned something white gleaming through the intervening darkness. That moment his horse turned by instinct into a narrow path nearly overgrown with grass. A large cottage appeared suddenly before him. The windows were broken, no gleam of cheerful light was visible, and from the appearance and aspect of the place it seemed that no earthly beings could inhabit it.

But the storm raged so violently, that, determined to lay aside his clothes and sleep in the open air, he rode boldly with the heavy bundle of his riding-whip; but dull, hollow echoes were his only answer. Seeing some outhouses and sheds at a little distance, he might probably find one open, and was turning his horse's head in that direction, when a voice, that left confusedly fastened by a chain. A thin, pale little man, in a dress of coarse, dark serge, was at business; as the same time Claude saw a stern, gloomy-looking man, with a long, black beard, appear at one of the lower windows.

"Rest for the night, or shelter till the storm be past," said Claude.

A volley of curses came from the broken window.

"Be gone! we give no shelter to thieves and robbers."

Claude replied indignantly, but the man looking at him with a scold and lamentable look banged the door in his face.

Our hero was human; naturally of a warm but affectionate temper, he was early moved to wrath, and now determined with his own to find a shelter, he was in no mood to submit to such churlish usage; he again raised his whip to the door, but at that moment a flash of lightning, more vivid than any that had preceded it, blinded him for the moment, and he was compelled to desist.

The storm was still fearful, and the rain fell in torrents, but Claude, his head full of the insult he had received, was determined to find a shelter, and he was now

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AGE OF THE WORLD.

That learned and accurate chronologer, Mr. Clinton (author of the Fasti Hellenici, Romani, &c.), continued to the last firmly to believe that "in 1851, our world's age was approximately within fifteen or sixteen years of its six thousandth year from the creation of man." He was aware, that in the year 1856 the world would be 6,000 years old. Mr. Clinton never made any secret of his matters with the extreme vicety of Archbishop Usher, who begins his famous "Annals" with the statement that the creation of the world and the march of time began "early in the morning preceded the 23d of October, in the year of the Julian Period 710, and B. C. 4004." Archbishop Usher was undoubtedly a great scholar and a profound and man of vast and profound erudition, but how he reached the 23d October and that time began on the evening of the day which (if it had ever existed,) would have been the 23d October a thousand eight hundred and sixty-two years ago this coming autumn, it would puzzle us to say, since he has not explained the process. Archbishop Usher and Mr. Clinton, it will be seen, (both of whom based their opinions on the Scriptures, and very careful observations,) differed in their estimate of the world's age only in the extent of 120 years—the former making it 5963, the latter 6083 years old at the present moment. A singular coincidence or singularity, especially when we consider that for nearly the first half of human time was without written records, and that the art of adjusting and preserving dates was very slowly and at quite a recent period brought to perfection.

So short has been the duration of human history! For it is of course of the same as the study of time that we are now speaking. And even from that short period nearly one-third must be deducted as belonging to the history of human progress and development. The Flood is supposed to have occurred in the year of the world 1656. Almost all previous records of human history and events must have been buried forever by that tremendous calamity. Some traditionary might have been preserved; and what strictly belongs to the moral development of humanity was undoubtedly kept alive. But not, science, philosophy, not the enterprise and works of man, when a life-time reached almost a decade of centuries, was very utterly perished. Humanity must needs take a new start. The web of history must be woven anew from the naked warp. The complicated problem must be recommenced from its simplest factors. And not the first battle must be with the elements; the first leg to unclog the stern exigencies of mere life. It would be a good while before men would have that security and leisure which is indispensable to thought and higher culture, and the accumulation and preservation of the old and the invention of the new. And yet there is one event in which we know soon men were about it. When Alexander the Great took Babylon, (about the year of the world, 3674,) Callisthenes, one of the scientific corps attendant on the expedition, found in the tower of Belus astronomical observations of 1903 years preceding. This takes us back to within little more than a century after the flood. And science did the aspiration after knowledge overpower the first waste and appetite of animal nature. So soon did men pass from watching and attending their flocks to watching and attending the stars, and, for want of other books, to reading the starry volume, of which every night turned over a new page—an exception, it must also be noted, to the monastic life under the transparent atmosphere and cloudless skies of the East, progress is not unfavorable; and this, doubtless, suggests the true reason why astrology, and the study of the other sciences, and much more rapid progress among the simple pastoralists shepherds than it is likely to make at the Dudley Observatory.

Little more than forty centuries, then, can be allowed to make up the whole sum of human and world-log-day of the world. Look at "the earth and man." In history and in their actual relations, not more allow that not much time has been lost. Within that period man has explored the earth from the outermost verge of Asia to the westernmost of America. He has penetrated almost to either pole. Some inland of the sea which has been but navigated or unpeopled. He has turned the mighty stream which covers two-thirds of the globe into the means of stretching his haben, multiplying its comforts, and transporting him over ocean and continent. He has caught from the clouds the most terrific force of nature, and taught it to flash his thoughts over continents and under oceans with a speed only inferior to that of thought itself; and with a precision like that of intelligence. He has formed some two thousand languages and dialects. He has sounded the depths of the sea, on the verge of which he once trembled, and the vast profounder depths of his own mind. He has—for we must rehearse Universal History in order to tell of the arts, discoveries, sciences, institutions, monuments which perpetuate the memory of man's bolts and sufferings on earth in these forty centuries—a period scarcely counting four successive antediluvian lives! How vast his faculties! How restless his activity! How powerful the vision of that primal blessing of the Father of men, "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it and have dominion!" And as the last fifty years have witnessed a far more rapid development than any earlier period, who can forecast the future of Humanity!

A HUMBUG BUG.

Some of the commercial men in the state of the times are inclined to lay the blame of the condition of the bread-seeking, blooming classes (and thus they are) to the over-production and glut which is really suffering and therefore more modest cause upon "labor-saving machinery," to a greater or less extent. They argue that the laboring man was better off before the era of machinery, when everything was done by hand, than now, when the invention of machinery has done so much for mankind. Say they, every invention, that substitutes steam power for muscular power, and dispenses with manipulation, throws hundreds or thousands out of work, in greater or less numbers, and thus creates want and woe. Now, we believe, that the effect of the introduction of a new piece of "labor-saving machinery," as it is fashionable to call it, is not so great. But the ultimate result is, usually, an increase of work, calling for additional hands to fill them, and make palpable the truth of this position, it will only be necessary to refer to those printing presses and steam mills. We use the plural form of expression, in order to include the various paper-making and flouring mills, as well as woollen and cotton mills. The former have given to the reading papers, at every step of the improvements to which inventive genius has subjected them, and given employment in the shape of additional mills, writers, and children in paper mills, with all their associated employments, to a large additional class of rag-picking; while the latter have created demands for labor and fed laborers to an extent perfectly wonderful. It needs only to point the reader's mind to the fact that the cotton crop of the United States is fruitfully suggests, to give the lie to the lies and cry against machinery in which we have alluded, and which we have concluded to call a "humbug bug."

In the new order of things, which has marked the era of machinery, there has been, to a greater or less of general unrest, must be encountered, in the first period of People's progression—it is of the limitless New York Ledger, I'll send to the first settler half a dollar, and I'll send a dollar to pay the Canadian man, when they wanted to settle down and enjoy the fruits of their labor and opportunity. Then the vexed question of North and South would be settled, and the country in which every youngster must smoke what his look-knit. But these would fail to tell all the tone of the Ledger, and I'll send ten to those unsuccessful in the Ledger, and I'll send ten to those unsuccessful in the Ledger, and I'll send ten to those unsuccessful in

THE STREET-PREACHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Amen. Likewise, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, 'Have you been hearing a sermon?' 'I've met a sermon,' was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on the way to the grave; the preacher was Death.—Account of street-preachers."

Here you see the street-preacher,
Dust and bones of you!
Is busy proclaiming
His warnings of fear.
Which sometimes or other
All people must hear!

He flies not his threshold,
But calls to his neighbor
Were such a friend,
Who, at midnight or daylight
Whereby with a rubbish
To pelt them in sight.

His speech is not lowly
As to one or two,
As to crowds in the threshold
He turned to cause,
But never a preacher
So eloquent, spoke.

With look of assurance
Right fearful as he
At field and in highway
Wherever they be,
But never seems seeking
For you, or for me!

He preaches at midnight,
And preaches at noon;
Of the mother he claimed
Her lucky new-born—
The train of her honeymoon
He knocked, forlorn.

When spring is the sweetest,
He blights the green grass,
And kills the young corn blade
And sighs of, 'what?'
Where'er he is passing
Through winds he doth pass

When sunshine is smitten,
And storm-trumpets blow,
With clouds for the windows
He looks from below;
His picture will be nothing
Along the wide snow.

No need hath he ever
Of friend, or of coat,
Nor ever of shelter
Or locusts to eat—
From cozy he asks for
To preach in the street.

Hark!—hath from his presence
His voice gone away,
Hear! he hears, then to flee
You will meet him some day,
And turn and go with him
He terrible say.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;
OR,
THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

A DAY OF PECULIAR SCARCITY.

How frequently have we heard the judge upon the bench, when the career of some notorious criminal has been unveiled before him, and every disastrous turn, winding, and cunning scheme laid bare by the patient investigation of justice, observe with regret that the same amount of true thought, tact, and knowledge of the world displayed by the guilty man in the pursuit of crime, must, if it had been employed in any honorable pursuit, have led to fortune; and there is little doubt but the judge was right in his assertion, for wealth, after all, is not so much an affair of chance as the idle dreamer of the earth suppose. In the pursuit of a bounty and prudence constitute the chief elements of success; the first may be regarded as the vessel which is to bear us safely into harbor, the second as the ballast to steady it.

In such a craft, when the mind of the commander is active and his temperament sanguine, the only real danger is, lest he should throw too much of his precious ballast overboard before he has taken in cargo; but even then, after a great deal of tossing to and fro, if prosperity is to be his one but the good ship thereby will right itself again.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the extraordinary amount of perseverance shown by the reader's old acquaintance, Fiddler Dick, in the line of hypocrisy he had laid down. By dint of application and he resolved to make the most of it, and utilized to suffer the *supine* of his temper; on the contrary, he bore them with much seeming patience and resignation that even the governor was deceived; and he consented with his remonstrance dation to the chaplain's fare to ticket of leave.

"Done like at last," whispered Dick in the ear of his fellow-sufferer.

"Done whom?" demanded hideraver, morosely, for his temper in the dockyard had not increased his amiability.

"Him and the grinder."

The first was the cant name among the prisoners, for his chaplain—the reverend Mr. Mountwell; by the grinder the speaker meant to designate the governor.

"Why, yer ain't got it, have yer?" exclaimed the old convict.

"No, but I shall have it in three days," was the rejoinder, accompanied by one of those knowing looks which, like the signs in freemasonry, convey so much in a little.

The hulkfingers—although his own chance of ever obtaining his freedom depended upon the liberation of the speaker—appeared to afford anything but satisfaction to Dick; jealousy and envy filled the thing which sometimes would call his heart, and which, we fear of a more fitting word, designate by the same name.

Although the speakers had known each other for many years—shared in prosperity and evil days together—there was nothing like friendship between them. A circumstance not to be wondered at, for friendship is incompatible with crime—the grossest passions can only dwell in an uncongenial heart.

There is nothing but companionship in guilt.

"Well, we are lucky," he observed, after a pause.

Fiddler Dick repeated the word as with a low chuckle as if he did not exactly see the humor of it.

"Ay," said the speaker, with still stronger emphasis. "You don't suppose I am a-goin' to remain here always, do yer?"

The question was a poser, for the moustebank knew that his suspected friend and pal, or he used to designate Mike, could, if he thought fit, effectually prevent it.

"Why, you ain't goin' to peach!" he muttered.

The old convict uttered an imprticulate "umph!"

"Is that your friendship?"

"Friendship is one thing and *bisness* another," philosophically observed his companion. "You are the only one I have here that knows me, with whom I can talk over old times, and I can't make up my mind to part with you for long, and that's the fact on it."

Dick looked around the shed where the above conversation had taken place. There was no one near, said an iron crowbar, with one of his fellow-prisoner had left, lay temptingly within his reach, but he restrained himself; he could do so at times, as the years of hypocrisy and cant he had passed in the dockyard proved, added to which, great as was the indignation he experienced at the speaker's treachery, and bitterly as at the moment he felt he hated him, there was still one being in the world whom he hated more—whom still it would afford him more pleasure to take—Dick.

As soon as the chance of indulging in the luxury of murdering both, Fiddler Dick quickly made his election.

"Look yer, Mike," he said, "if I won't a true as steel, your un unseen brother would make no turn again yer. Of course I ain't a-goin' alone—my feelin's wouldn't let me; however we talked it over and over again"—but you are so cursed suspicious!"

"Trust to no one," muttered the old man; "that's wisdom."

"Not silkys," observed the unscrupulous. "If I were so suspicious as you are, should I trust to your friendship about the money you say you have got stowed? Where did yer say it was stowed, Mike?"

The question was put in so natural a tone, that with one less practised in the craft of life than the convict it might have succeeded; as it was, the old rascal only grinned at what he doubtless considered a very clever dodge to entrap him, and patted the speaker affectionately and approvingly on the head.

"Capital!" he exclaimed; "but no go; I ain't to be done!"

The fellow's ruffians both laughed heartily. Mike at the attempt to throw him off his guard; the moustebank at the gentleman which had discovered it.

FIDDLER DICK—PERFECT BEWARED.

"Mustn't forget blankets after all," observed the former. "I think we understand one another without any more words."

"Exactually."

"In three days yer gets yer ticket.

"Holy Joe told me so."

"When am I to get out?"

"As soon as I can get the brute to purchase a rope to throw over the wall, and a line for you," replied Fiddler Dick, looking serious; "for you knoows as well as I do there is nothing to be done without money."

His companion in crime nodded approvingly, as much as to say, "Go on."

"If you had only had the swag, or a part on it, now," continued the speaker, "it might have been all right at once."

"In what way?" demanded Mike, suspiciously.

"You know brandi?"

"You gentleman?"

"Yes."

The old convict gave a dissatisfied shake of the head, and intimated that he had no great faith in him.

"But I have. He is one of the right sort," whispered Dick, "and has long been fond of this place; in short, he can't very well remain here much longer."

"Why not?"

"He has been doin' a stroke of business on his own account—backer, not a gov'nor criminal."

The speaker illustrated his meaning by raising his head to his mouth.

"Oh," said Mike, a supposition which his companion confirmed by a knowing wink.

"And never to tell on us!" exclaimed the speaker, repeatedly. "Well, I must my dad, and as the world is, I didn't expect that of you. Dick, so often, too, as we have taken our glass together, I wondered, he added, "how you contrived to keep your spirits up after them awful grounds's and dingin's a figure in chapel."

"Where would be the use in one of us a-bilin' on yer," said his pal, somewhat touched by the appeal. "Brandi brought it to us, and we give away, and you had no brandi."

Dainty!" muttered the old man.

"Had you?" demanded the moustebank.

"Never mind that now," answered Mike. "We'll come to by-and-bye. After what you have told me, I begin to think better of Brandi. And so he has been soldier! business on his own account!—well, I like a man of bizaliness. I an a man o' bizaliness myself. What's his game?"

"Merikey."

"And a very good game, too, if he can only get there. Why don't he start?"

"Short of tin."

"Then you didn't ha'd be true?"

"True as steel," replied Dick.

"I wish I could think so," observed the former, cautiously; "we might——"

"Wyy, yer don't mean to trust him with yer money," interrupted the moustebank, in the tone of a person whose susprbilities are justly wounded, "when yer have an old friend and pal to confide in by yer side."

"I ain't-a-goin' to trust no one with that," answered the wily convict, sharply; "but I should like to see somethin' of the man I am to trust him, too."

There was a pause in the conversation, during which the speakers continued to exchange expressive looks of each other's face, as he might venture to confide in the other.

The moustebank was the first to speak.

"I could transport him," he whispered.

The eyes of Mike flashed with joy.

"Will that content yer?" added the speaker.

"Then I can transport him too," was the reply.

"What an old serpent yer are," observed Dick, with a chuckle; "there is no keepin' a secret from you. But suppose he will not squeeze this time, for I mean fairly; and if you split," he added, assuming his brows to a ferocious scowl, "I'll wring your neck, though I swing for it the next minute."

Many persons might have felt rather uncomfortable at this assurance; not so the aged rascal to whom it was made; in fact, he felt rather pleased by it than otherwise, for it was an indirect proof, he considered, of the speaker's sincerity.

"And serve me right, too," he said, at the same time holding out his hand as if to seal a bargain.

Fiddler Dick wrung it earnestly.

"Out with it!"

"Well, then, mid the former, drawing closer to him, to make sure that not a syllable would be overheard, "you and I, Mike, know that what with the excise, free trade, and the police, it's a hard thing for a man, no matter how industrious he may be, to pick up an honest living. Although his dodge is never so clever, one or t'other is sure to be down on him."

"That is true," observed his friend.

"Brandi had done, or rather was beginning to do, well, when one of the gaze-keepers found him out."

"Which?"

"Why, as safe as clerk to Holy Joe on Sundays. The chap is a regular snark—here's the phuck to do a stroke of business for himself, and——"

"Threatened to peach!" ejaculated Mike.

"And had he done it," said his pal, "if Brandi hadn't stopped his mouth by double the profits. So, feelin' that he wasn't likely to get his passage money for Merikey by that gov'ner would have——"

"Was that found out?"

"Only by me."

"Well?"

"Kept his secret for three quarterers a day," replied Fiddler Dick. "It weren't much," he added, modestly, "but I couldn't find it in my hart to be used on a poor fellow as was sayin' to get on in the world."

His hearer grinned at the idea of the speaker having a heart, but the latter continued, for he felt too much interested in the narrative to interrupt it.

He took to picking up copper bolts, and bits of odds-and-ends laying about in the storehouses," continued the speaker; "they would only have been lost," he added. "I have often felt riled when I see'd 'em a-lyin' about neglected."

"Cure!" repeated Mike.

"Well, they might have done worse than rent me there," observed his friend, complacently. "But a-sellin' 'em to Brandi's agent at Chatham labels, we seldom found out till it is too late to make any use of them."

"And so you found Brandi out?" said his companion.

"Lucky, you and partly, no," answered Fiddler Dick. "I suspected him, and he could not get rid of some of the parts without a friend, I helped him."

"In that case," exclaimed Mike, in a triumphant tone, "you could transport each other," an observation which the narrator, to say the very least of, thought superfluous and unkind in the extreme.

"*And I could transport him both*," added the old man, smilingly; for already had the last remark to himself.

"And how did yer manage to get the swag out?" he asked.

Fiddler Dick made a motion as if throwing a cord over a high wall—quite sufficient explanation for his companion.

"I ain't-a-goin' to trust no one with that," answered the wily convict, sharply; "but I should like to see somethin' of the man I am to trust him, too."

There was a pause in the conversation, during which the speakers continued to exchange expressive looks of each other's face, as he might venture to confide in the other.

The moustebank was the first to speak.

"I could transport him," he whispered.

The eyes of Mike flashed with joy.

"Will that content yer?" added the speaker.

"Then I can transport him too," was the reply.

"What an old serpent yer are," observed Dick, with a chuckle; "there is no keepin' a secret from you. But suppose he will not squeeze this time, for I mean fairly; and if you split," he added, assuming his brows to a ferocious scowl, "I'll wring your neck, though I swing for it the next minute."

Many persons might have felt rather uncomfortable at this assurance; not so the aged rascal to whom it was made; in fact, he felt rather pleased by it than otherwise, for it was an indirect proof, he considered, of the speaker's sincerity.

"And serve me right, too," he said, at the same time holding out his hand as if to seal a bargain.

Fiddler Dick wrung it earnestly.

"Out with it!"

"Well, then, mid the former, drawing closer to him, to make sure that not a syllable would be

"Have I been dreaming?" said the merchant, fixing his eyes upon those of the speaker with an inquiring expression.

"Well, Richard," answered the old man, "I should think you must have been dreaming, as I am sure I hope you have, for you have taken of the strongest things; bills from India don't bounced!—now I am certain we have no bills," he added, anxiously, "that we are not prepared to meet: the credit of the house stands too high for that."

"True," murmured Mr. Bently, "quite true; we have good enough. The spirit of avarice might stir with explosive as it lurked in the breast of Judas; it has not purchased happiness, Peter."

"I am afraid not, Richard," was the reply. "And yet," added the speaker, "it ought to have done so, for it has been honestly acquired."

"But it brought pride with it," observed the former.

"True."

"And hardness of heart——"

"Never mind that now," interrupted his friend, soothingly; "I know you would come to your senses one day. Riches is a blessing when your conscience, and forgive your child as a Christian and a man of business should do. It is not natural to bear enmity forever."

His employer sighed deeply—he thought of his grandson.

"Of course you will forgive her," added Peter Mangles, servant.

"Can you—I pretend him I would."

"Promised when?" demanded the clerk exceedingly puzzled, for it was the second time he had received the same answer.

The man of wealth made no reply; he felt that the death of any here must be a misfortune, regrounds to him. How could he ever acknowledge to his daughter that for years he had prayed but for of life's dearest blessing—the presence of her son —robbed her of the joy of welcoming his growing virtues; of exercising that beautiful influence over his heart and mind which nature concentrates in the mother's peculiar privilege; how confess to her that he had refused to listen to his grandson's prayer, and condemned them to almost certain poverty, death and hell eternal.

As these thoughts agitated him, Mr. Bently retreated to bury, if possible, in oblivion the sad tale of his grandson's fate. His nerves was known only to Morton and Mr. Carey, as he imagined; and on their friendship he felt assured he might rely.

"Why don't you speak to me, Richard?" demanded Peter, fearing from his moody silence that his senses were once more in subjection to him. "Shall I call the physician?"

"No, shall the merchant; "the fever of my brain is passed. I have been deeply stricken; but the wound is not mortal. Time is left me to fulfil my promise. And then," he mentally added, "to join my poor lost boy."

"What promise?"

"You forget I have a child."

"No, I do not forget it," replied Peter Mangles, affectionately. "Do you imagine that after hearing been your friend from boyhood, and connected with you in business for nearly forty years, I would permit you to leave the world with a dishonored name and a conscience—nothing of the kind," he added: "and if I thought that you could bear it——"

"I can endure anything now," interrupted the invalid.

"Well, then," continued the clerk, "Richard is in the house."

Mr. Bently had misunderstood his attendant. The half-grave had such an overbearing effect upon his shattered nerves, that he imagined the voice of his friend regretted the prodigality with which he had made his communication.

"Be firm," he exhaled, greatly distressed; "pray be firm. Remember what you have been up against—three panics, Alexander's bankruptcy, besides that wretched New York affair—and recovered of from them all, as we shall from this."

"How can I face her," thought the unhappy father, "and know myself the meanest and most abject miser?"

"Better see her at once, Richard," added the speaker, "and settle the account."

In all probability, had time been given him to reflect, the merchant would have refused, and from any lingering feeling of resentment, but want of moral courage. A settled sad air in the face of the chamber inflamed him his daughter was there, and involuntarily he pressed his hand to his eyes.

The next instant Rachel was kneeling by the side of his bed, clasping the unresisting hand in hers, and murmuring the word "pardon."

"God bless thee, poor stricken flower," exclaimed her parent, clasping her to his humble arms, "and forgive me my unnatural harshness."

Peter Mangles wished to hear no more, but impulsively quitted the room, rubbing his hands with delight. He had succeeded in the object of his life—all friend reconciled to his child, and the wish at last was gratified.

"I knew he would," he muttered; "I always said that his heart was in the right place. I am so glad I sent for her; the doctor could have no one, so I felt that I was right; doctors know nothing of business—that should they! Nothing like a clear old servant in the helper of life to set a man's heart and mind at rest. He will get well now—he must get well—he shall get well, and in three days, or perhaps four, I can return to Surrey. Yes, that will be added, in a tone so piteous that it sounded almost lamentably in contrast with the joyous one in which the preceding words had been uttered, "what does the loss of the old cabin matter?"

But we shall anticipate the future," he continued, as more pleasing thoughts stole over him. "Only to think, all this I have lived and seen since my arrival at last. Richard is reconciled to his daughter; her husband will have a share in the firm. He must take the name of Bently, though; I think we ought to insist upon that; and Mary shall marry some eldest son of a nobleman—one of the foreign nobility, or—or, no, I think it would be a fleeting."

To his astonishment, the speaker, who had been entering his thoughts aloud, found two delicate white arms thrown suddenly round his neck, and a pair of blue eyes gazing into his with an earnestly imploring look expression.

The arms and eyes both belonged to the sister of our hero, now a lovely girl, just rising into womanhood, the constitution of her person and mind the idol of Mrs. Mowbray's fond and affectionate heart.

"Hush's you better consult me upon the subject?" she whispered in his ear, at the same time with difficulty suppressing an inclination to laugh.

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Peter, kissing her affectionately upon each cheek. "What can girls know about such matters?"

"More than you imagine," observed the young lady, archly, "about the affairs of the heart. You speak of disposing of me as if I were a bale of goods!"

"If you were a bale of goods!" observed the clerk, gallantly, "I shall have to say it, that he would be a lucky fellow who obtained the consignment."

"But I don't intend to be consigned by any one or to any one," answered Mary.

"You don't?"

"No. I intend to consign myself; and when you come, you shall see the invoice, Mr. Peter."

"Good for him," said her father; "the work of reconciliation must not be incomplete. Let us exchange forgiveness on all sides. I have been harsh, Rachel—very harsh. I feel it all now when my heart is broken."

"Do not speak of dying," sobbed his daughter, deeply touched by the sad and manly confession, and accents of self-reproach; "life has many blessings in store for it. I trust to live to prove my love and honor."

"They might have been," was his self-accusing reply.

Mr. Bently called his granddaughter to his side. Parting the long mingles from her forehead, he placed upon her long and tenderly; Mary looked at her mother and timidly smiled.

"You have your mother's eyes," he said, "bright as hers once were, before sorrow had dimmed their lustre; her clear, open brow and smile. May your fate be happier than hers has been!"

At this instant Peter Mangles peeped cautiously his head into the chamber, his countenance full of smiles would about it. He knew enough of Indian life to understand the signal. The man who had left this room bound to the old Indian, and he found that the body had been carried away. He found tracks about the spot, and he knew that the crew had been removed by some of its living friends; so he went home with the determination to keep his eyes open, and his rifle ready.

On the morning of the day succeeding, as Mark Stanton stepped from his cot, he was something lying upon his door-stone, and on picking it up he found it to be an arrow, with the skin of a large snake wound about it. He knew enough of Indian life and character to know that this was a hostile signal. The man who had left this snake-bound arrow at his door had sworn to kill him. At first he thought of keeping this intelligence from his wife, but upon reflection he concluded it would be better to tell her the truth, as she might then be not only help him keep watch, but she could keep the Indian within safe distance of the cot. So he went back and told her what he had found. She looked for an arrow, with the skin of a large snake would about it. He knew enough of Indian life and character to know that this was a hostile signal. The man who had left this snake-bound arrow at his door had sworn to kill him. At first he thought of keeping this intelligence from his wife, but upon reflection he concluded it would be better to tell her the truth, as she might then

tral el; even the familiar furniture, and the servants, whose faces and speech were part of our household life, are all left behind. All the plenishing belonged to the parsonage, and as we had no need of servants, our maids and man gladly remained behind to perform their accustomed duties in the service of the new rector.

And, Gertrude, we have seen him, too. He is a young, unmarried man, and he sent to us saying that he trusted we would still occupy the rector's pew, which otherwise would be quite empty. We should have felt strangely out of place, elsewhere, and we went.

Oh, friend, to hear another voice from the pulpit and reading desk from whence *his* solemn tones had issued every Sabbath of our lives! Do you wonder that we bowed our heads and wept uncontrollably, glad to be sheltered, in that hour, by the curtains of our pew? It was hard, very hard. And then to go out, when the service was over, not along the shaded gravel-walk, into the pleasant garden and through the low, vine-embowered door of the parsonage into those familiar rooms, but along the dusty village street, to the white, unsheltered house that is now our home, and into the two small, plain apartments, so unlike the pleasant chambers where our days had passed so happily until this great grief fell upon us.

To-day the rector visited us—a tall stately man, youthful but grave, serenely quiet, but with kind inflections in his tones, that told of sympathies laying warmly beneath that undemonstrative exterior. Our hearts warmed toward him at once, for he stands in our father's place. He is our spiritual teacher and guide, and we fain would feel that he is our friend. When his sister, Mrs. Lawson, who is to reside with him, arrives, we shall go sometimes to the parsonage. Mr. Franklin asked us to speak to her about the garden, and to look upon it still as our own, for she is city-bred, and knows nothing of flowers. So we shall have still one link binding us to our home.

Athalie Arden.

LETTER III.

Dear Gertrude, three years have passed since I wrote you in the early desolation of my bereavement. I have written you often since, and you have had the faithful record of my life. To you, darling, I have whispered the faint, delicious hopes that bloomed along my life. You have known all my tremulous happiness, have shared the one bright dream that came with the dawn that broke upon my night of sorrow.

Oh, Gertrude, the fragrance of those hopes has vanished, my happiness is dead, I have awakened from my dream!

I thought he loved me, because his eyes beemed upon me with a kindly light, because his voice took a deeper tone when he spoke to me.

I was deceived, self-deceived. I now know, for only as a brother did Leonard Franklin ever look upon me. Why could I not have known and felt it long ago? But, perhaps, even that would not have saved me from pouring out all the intense and ardent love of my nature upon him who is Sophy's lover, and is to be Sophy's husband.

Yes, I write it here unfalteringly. For all is settled. I no longer struggle against my fate. A dull apathy has fallen upon me. I think I feel nothing any more. I suffer no physical pain, yet I lie here, weak and exhausted, in my bed-chamber, upon the couch whose cushions Sophy's hands have lovingly arranged. Her kiss, with the warmth and fragrance of her dewy lips, still lingers on my cheek; there are flowers beside me from the parsonage-garden—flowers that *he* brought to her, but which she has given to me, as she would strive to give me all, if she only knew.

I hear the low tones of the lover's voices from the adjoining room. I hear his voice in questions, and her timid replies, and I know that he is seeking to hear, over and over again, the fond assurance he has won from her lips. Once I thought—but it is past, and surely it matters little, because life is short, even for me who am young still, and beyond there is the world where we shall meet the loved ones, and where there will be no more mistakes.

Next week you will come to me, Gertrude, will you not? They will have gone away then, and I shall be lonely. Come and stay with me during that brief bridal-tour, and be ready, with me, to welcome the bride to her home, the old home and the new—the beloved roof that sheltered all her pure, happy childhood, as I trust it may long years of a wife's joys and pleasant duties.

I shall live with them, for I cannot leave Sophy, and there is no home so fitting for me as that of my brother Leonard Franklin. Don't pity me, Gertrude. I shall, because I will, God helping me, rise above all that now oppresses me, and prostrates the energies of my being.

I shall find employments and compensations for the loneliness of my life. By-and-by, perhaps, I shall have Sophy's children to love—Sophy's and Leonard's. How dear will they be to me. The maiden aunt will not be without warm affections springing ever around her, if God gives Sophy children.

But I shall not be miserable while still unseparated from her. I shall learn to look upon my brother with a sister's calm affection. I could not dwell beneath the roof which once sheltered my revered father and my saintly mother, where, perhaps, their spirits still linger, and cherish there an unholy passion. Fear not for me, Gertrude, for all shall yet be well with me.

Athalie Arden.

LETTER IV.

A score of years have passed, dear Gertrude, since I penned the letters that disclosed to you something of the desolation of those days of grief that followed my father's death, the violent sundering of all the ties of childhood, and the removal from the home where my life had thus far been spent.

You know all that followed, my brief dream of happiness and its awakening, and to you only of mortals, did I reveal aught of the fearful struggles that well nigh reduced me to the grave. You also know how I triumphed. How in the calm quiet of the years that followed I pursued a pleasant path of duty, and dwelt beneath the roof of my brother and my sister respected, beloved and honored, at once counselor and friend. How little ones came, clinging to me only less fondly than to their beautiful, fragile mother. How I loved, and tended, and nurtured them with my anxious affection. How they all repaid me well—the little ones that died with wistful, loving glances fixed to the last upon my face, and little Sophy the one child that lived beyond the perilous period of infancy, who clung to me always with intensest affection.

You know, too, how Sophy, my sister, faded gradually before our eyes. Fair and fragile as the late snow-wreaths that lingered beneath the budding hedgerows, she wasted before the warm spring breath. We laid her to rest beneath the primroses, last year, and yesterday Leonard Franklin lay down by her side. Lovely and loving in their lives, in death they were not divided. Beyond the dark waters Sophy seemed ever standing, beckoning with pale, bright hand to him she left behind.

He faded and drooped from the day of her death. He, too, yielded to the soft, insidious breath of spring, and so, when the year passed, we laid him also beneath the primroses. After life's calm joys they sleep well, beneath the shadow of the little church, in sight of the windows whence they often looked forth upon the clustering mounds that told where, in the verdant bosom of the earth, our family were gathered.

Again I shall go forth from the old home, but not alone. Another Sophy, my charge, my child, will gladden my maiden home. We shall still be happy, for in all our grief there is no murmur of despair. We know that our partings are not forever.

Athalie Arden.

CANTING CORNER.

BY RUTH HARRINGTON.

I was about nine years old when my mother died, and as my father had been dead several years, I went to live with my grandmother, my only remaining relative, who was a prim old lady, living in a prim little house, in the prim little village of Canting Corner.

Now there are two kinds of old ladies: the fat old lady with a double chin and capacious pocket, who is associated, in the minds of her grand-chil-children, with cranberry tarts and gingerbread; and the lean old lady, who wears a spotless cap, ornamented with an equal number of faded bows on either side; whose collar is never awry; whose spectacles are never misplaced, and who glides about, stealthy and ghostlike, much to the disgust of various juvenile delinquents, whom she pounces upon when they least expect her, carrying off in triumph some little towhead, caught in the very act of rifling the cupboard, to endure the terrors of the dark closet.

My grandmother Castleton was of the latter description, narrow-minded, formal and precise; the finding of a pin on the "best room" carpet would furnish her with a subject of conversation for a week. I went to her from my mother's grave, and her first act was to cut off all my glossy curls, of which that mother had been so proud, and take from me her miniature, which I was discovered crying over, saying, by way of consolation, "there's no use wasting any tears; I'm to be your mother now." This sympathizing remark not having the desired effect—for the big tears continued to chase each other down my cheeks—I was sent to bed, and without a light, for grandmother said it was "moonlight, and no need a wasting candles." I wished it had been totally dark, for the moon shimmered through the vines which overhung my window, casting uncertain shadows on the floor, so that I fancied some robber had climbed the lattice, and was peering in at me; then, too, the high posts of the old-fashioned bed looked so ghostly in the dim light. I remembered how my dear mother used to tuck me so snugly in my little trundle-bed, and that she was lying in the cold, damp earth, where I should never see her more; and I covered my head with the bed-clothes, and what with sorrow and affright, I sobbed myself to sleep, to awake feverish and unrefreshed in the morning.

The first week passed drearily enough. I had little to amuse me in the house, beside the monotonous clicking of grandmothers knitting needles. Once I ventured into the kitchen to pour my sorrows in Biddy's willing ear, and received consolation in the shape of a doughnut; but it was only once, for grandmother did not "approve of children's pestering the help." Prohibited the kitchen, dreading the loneliness of my own room, never daring to cross the awful threshold of the darkened parlor, and driven from the "sitting-room" by grandmother's stern presence, I resorted to the diminutive garden, till I could almost count the blades of grass, and number the ant-hills in the gravel walk. I wearied of watching the bird's nest in one of the four fir trees which ornamented the corners of the garden, and the little green snake gliding through was to me a welcome friend in my loneliness.

I was soon sent to the village school, kept by Mr. Markham, a man after grandmother's own heart. I was much happier now that I had associates, although I was not allowed to linger after school was dismissed to join them in their games, and if one of them ventured to visit me, the call was never repeated, so coolly did grandmother treat them. I was never a favorite at school; the older scholars looked down on me, those of my own age snubbed me, and it was only with the little ones that I found favor. There was one exception; Charley Wadsworth and I were inseparable friends. He was four years my senior, and I looked up to him as my champion and defender, and whenever I was wrongfully accused, I felt certain that Charley would come gallantly to the rescue; indeed, our friendship dated from the time that he took a flogging to shield me, the absent and real offender, from blame. I never forgot this, nor was it the only kind deed I had to thank him for. Was it not Charley who stole green apples for me? Charley from whom I received the daily bunch of wild flowers? Charley who affected ignorance, that I might go above him in the class? Charley who drew me to school on his sled, when the January snow covered the frozen ground?

Five years had passed, and they had been long years to me. It was my fourteenth birthday, and while grandmother was taking a comfortable afternoon nap, I strolled into a shady grove not far from the house. Seated on some soft, green moss behind a clump of bushes, I was twisting a wreath of anemones, when I heard voices the other side of some brushwood. I gathered my flowers in my apron, and not wishing to play the part of eavesdropper, was about to return, when I heard some one say—

"Well, I can't imagine, Charley, why such a handsome fellow as you should fancy Matty Castleton; for my part, I think she is the ugliest girl I ever saw."

I dropped my flowers and ran towards home, heedless of the briars that tore my feet at every step, my cheeks burning and my ears tingling, as I repeated to myself the words I had just heard, "the ugliest girl I ever saw." I had never thought much about my looks before, but now I went straight to my room, and peered anxiously in the little cracked looking-glass. Freckles marred the fairness of the face reflected there; the nose was decidedly too large, the eyes red with weeping. Yes, I certainly was homely. From this time I grew shy and awkward, and in my mind, the fact that I was fearfully and unmitigatedly ugly, was as established as the Church of England.

A few months after this Charley went on a whaling voyage; it was his father's wish that he should become a sailor. This was very hard to bear, and our parting was a sad one. I gave him a lock of my hair in return for one of his dark curls, sobbing bitterly all the while. He seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and putting his arm around my waist, he pulled me gently down upon his knee.

"Matty," he said, taking my little brown hands in his; "Matty, I shall be gone three or four years, and you will miss me very much, as I shall you; but when I come back you will be my wife—won't you, Matty?"

I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat prevented me; but he knew what was in my heart. He kissed my tear-stained cheek, softly unclasped my arms from around his neck, and was gone.

Charley had left me; there was no one to care for me now, and I lay down, with my burning face pressed close to the damp moss, and cried as if my heart would break. It was quite dark, and my dress was wet with dew, when I crept up to my little room, and lay down upon the bed, but no sleep visited my eyelids that night. After a time I grew calmer, and would grow quite contented looking at a little curl of black hair, and repeating to myself over and over again Charley's parting words.

He had not been gone many weeks before grandmother sickened and died. We buried her in the quiet little churchyard, when the leaves were falling from the trees, and the moss was brown and withered, where Charley and I parted.

Our little house was sold, and I went to live with Mr. Markham, who had been appointed my guardian, and the executor of grandmother's will, (she had left me all her property). It was proposed at first that I should share with Emma Markham a large and pleasant room in the second story, but I easily gained permission to occupy a little attic chamber, with a slanting roof. It would at least be *mine*. Here I spent most of my time out of school hours, gazing out of a small round window which commanded a view of the village and surrounding country.

Three years after entering the Markham family I left school; not that I knew so much, but that my teacher knew so little. It was at this time that John Markham, my guardian's "eldest hope," came to the conclusion that my small fortune would be an agreeable addition to his capital, and persecuted me with his attentions accordingly. Christmas morning, having screwed his courage up to the sticking-point, he made me an offer of his "heart and hand," and appeared utterly astounded at my refusing the honor of presiding over his dried apples and meal bags. (He was the happy proprietor of the only grocery Canting Corner could boast).

John soon related his woes to the other members of the family, who, "mingling their groans together," voted me very ungrateful, and concluded to spend the day at Mr. Markham's father's, extending to me a very cool invitation to accompany them, which was declined.

After the departure of the Markhams, I ran up to my room, and sitting down by the window, leaned my hot cheek against the frosty glas. The house over the way was brilliantly lighted up, and through the parted curtains I could see the merry inmates gathered around a blazing fire, while the toys scattered about the floor told plainly of sleepy little pets, stuffed with cakes and candies, and snugly tucked in their warm beds by loving mammas. I rose from the window sickened by their merry laughter, scarcely noticing a dark figure moving over the snow towards the house. A loud ringing of the door-bell startled me from my reverie, and Ann announced that there was "a fine gentleman in the parlor as wanted to see me." Smoothing down my rumpled frock, and giving my tangled curls a hasty brush I went down stairs.

The parlor door was slightly ajar; the lamps had not been lit, but the hickory wood which blazed and crackled on the andirons cast a red, flickering light over everything. A tall gentleman was standing before the fire, with one arm resting on the mantel-piece. His back was towards the door, but as I entered he heard the rustling of my dress, and turned. The face was bronzed that was once so fair, and a silken moustache concealed the scornful curve of the lip, but I knew Charley. My heart stood still for a moment, and then it beat so loudly against my bodice, I thought he must have heard it; everything in the room swam round, and then I found myself crying heartily on Charley's breast. Seated on the sofa, Charley, with his arm around my waist, told me the history of the last three years, which was well punctuated with kisses, and Ann never seemed so officious as when she entered to light the lamp.

Love's history, though old as time, is always new. If there linger those who have outlived all remembrance of their youthful feelings, still a new generation is always rising whose hopeful, sympathetic hearts have no sneer for love's young dream. For such is my story written.

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY G. S.

Whither doth frantic horror urge
My hurried steps?—O woe is me!
Those dark waves roll a sanguine tide—
No, no—they are the sea.

To the broad earth's remotest verge
The wrath of God before me flies,
And with a voice that tears my soul,
"Vengeance—eternal vengeance," cries.

I am accursed—my brother's blood
Dashes against this wild sea-shore;
It shrieks upon the hollow blast—
It thunders in the torrent's roar.

As round the craggy wave-worn rock
Whirls the impetuous, eddying flood,
So fiercely terror racks my frame
From God's decree for Abel's blood.

Lay bare thy depths, thou great profound!
Show me the womb of night, thou deep!
Vain prayer—the Avenger waits me there;
His eyes are flame—they never sleep—

Plunged in thy bottomless abyss,
Abel's pale form would meet my sight,
As flying—flying, now I see it
On the tall mountain's topmost hight.

E'er since my brother's blood was spilt,
O woe is me!—O woe is me!
My steps the Avenger's curse pursues,
It follows—ever follows me!

THE STUDENT AND STRANGER; OR, LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOR AS ONE'S SELF.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

"Mary, will you wait *three* years, then?"

"*Six*, Charles, so that we are married at last," answered the soft-eyed girl whom the young student of divinity addressed.

"In three years I shall be ordained and have charge of a parish, and then I can support you. Much as I would wish to make you my wife now, I love you too fondly to wed you to the privations and poverty which I would now have to struggle with."

"It is such a pity, Charles, you did not read law. Father would then, as he says, have taken you into his office and made you his junior partner, and you would so soon have become rich. He does not dislike you, but he wished our engagement broken off because he says 'we shall always be poor, as but few clergymen are supported as they ought to be.'"

"I would not abandon my studies and my hopes in the ministry for untold gold, Mary," answered the young man, his fine dark eyes lighting up with the brilliancy of inspiration. "I know my friends say I have sacrificed myself and my hopes by becoming a candidate for orders; but it is no sacrifice I have made in my own view. But if, with being disinherited by my father, I lose you also, dear Mary, it will then become, indeed, a *sacrifice!*"

"I will be true to you, Charles," answered Mary.

"This I believe, because I know you so well. Then now we part, and our engagement terminates until I graduate from Nashotah seminary, for so unyielding are their regulations, that they receive no one therein who is bound by any matrimonial engagement. If one thus bound enters there, he must break off his engagement."

"But only outwardly, Charles, will we be disengaged. In heart we are still betrothed!"

"In heart, yes, but not in word. With this embrace we release each other from our mutual vows!"

There was a moment's silence. The voice of Mary was first heard, trembling with emotion.

"You will write to me, Charles?"

"No, Mary. There is permitted no correspondence with any one but relatives, sisters or mother. We part for three years!"

The young man who thus parted from the daughter of the Honorable Mr. Carey was the son of a wealthy and avaricious merchant, who intended his only son, Charles, should have made a sensation in the fashionable world as a millionaire, and marry advantageously. He heard of his predilection for the church with disgust and anger. But after many arguments and long-continued efforts to change his mind, he disinherited him, hoping thereby to bring him to his senses. But the resolute and conscientious Charles Eardley remained firm. At Nashotah, Wisconsin, he could be received, and pursue his studies without expense. His greatest grief was the necessity of giving up his engagement, and holding no correspondence with Mary Carey for three years.

At Nashotah he fared hard with the poorest. He suffered every privation, and the students there are trained in privations, while the church they are preparing to serve rolls in luxury. Charles's wardrobe wore out the first year, and he found that the livery of patches and threadbare cloth which had excited his smile when he first beheld the students go about in it, had to be worn by himself. At one time, among thirty-six divinity students, there was but *one* decent coat, and when any one had to go to the next town to buy stationery or necessaries, this was worn by him, until nearly every student had worn it throughout the year!

The necessities of this noble band somehow (not by their own hand) got bruited into a secular paper, and came before the eyes of Mary. The next week a trunk was despatched all the way from Philadelphia, where she resided, to Nashotah, directed, in a feigned hand, to

"Mr. Charles Eardley."

It safely reached him, but he had not money to pay for its carriage from Milwaukie, forty miles, to the college. Not all the spare money of the students clubbed together could reach the amount of the carrier's bill, three dollars and a quarter! In such a school were trained the ministry of the church in the West. So they had *books*, and bread and fish, they rejoiced that they had the opportunity to prepare for the preaching of the gospel, even at such sacrifices.

When the trunk was unlocked by Charles, the whole crowd of his fellow students stood around with curiosity, for when had a trunk ever come to Nashotah before?

At its multifarious contents, they set up a general shout. There were new suits of clothes, shirts, vests, warm stockings, flannels, a gay dressing-gown, and every variety of clothing, with little jars of jelly, fruit, and a large iced cake! There were, besides, books rare and needful. Never had Nashotah beheld such a sight before! The young men were fairly excited into a degree of hilarious amazement that made them for the nonce forget the gravity of theological students.

Charles, bewildered, wondered from whom it came, unpacked the whole trunk, and let every one handle and see for himself.

"A new coat and pants!" said a waggish fellow. "Now I speak for wearing this next after Eardley, for I want to go down to Milwaukie, and our college coat is not only out at the elbows, but has lost half its buttons!"

Charles was puzzled. No letter gave him any clue as to the donor. A card simply contained "A Present," in carefully pen-printed letters.

"Who could think of him to do this?"

"Mary alone," whispered a secret voice in his heart.

We need not say that the contents of the trunk, especially the clothing, were shared equally among his fellow students, and even by his generosity, the good professor rejoiced in a pair of thick woolen hose; for the professors were as poor as the students.* At length our young student graduated with eminent honors, and received the diploma of B. D., or Bachelor of Divinity.

He was now permitted to revisit Philadelphia, after which he was to be sent by the bishop to the frontier, to carry the gospel to the Indians.

On the Lake boat to Buffalo (for he had kept school in his vacation to get money to travel), his attention was drawn to an elderly man who was lying upon a tier of cable, wrapped in a cloak, and apparently very ill. The crowd on the boat was great, the berths all engaged, and it was cold and blustering weather. The groans, at intervals, of the poor man, drew the steps of Charles towards him; for to do good to all men, and especially to the sick, and destitute, and poor, is the office of a minister of the Cross.

He bent down to him, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"I am very ill, young man," answered the sufferer. "I could not get a berth. I was ill when I left Cleaveland, but I am now in a burning fever. Give me water, if you please."

The young deacon hastened for a glass of water, then, calling two men, aided them in taking him to his own berth, and when he had placed him there comfortably, he searched throughout the boat for a physician. He found one, and brought him to the invalid, whose pulse by this time was up to a hundred and twenty, and he talked with the incoherence of delirium. He spoke of his wealth, of banks, of stocks, of money on bond and mortgage, until the doctor said—

"This man, who is evidently very poor by his dress, though I dare say he has seen better days, shows in his fever the bent of his mind. He is by nature avaricious. Delirium is the key which reveals the true man unwittingly to himself."

"Do you think he will be very ill?" asked Charles.

"I think he will have a course of typhoid. It will be a month before he can travel, if he ever recovers. He seems to be alone!"

"I will not leave him," answered Charles, firmly, and looking at the poor old man with sympathy. "Neglected and deserted he will die."

"Of course! If you choose to see to him, you will be doing a kind act. I would advise you to send for proper authorities when the boat reaches Buffalo, and have him removed to the hospital."

The next day when the boat got into port Charles delayed on board until the last. He then learned from the morose and impatient captain where the hospital was, and getting a permit from the Mayor he hired an easy hack, and had the sick man carefully borne into it. Taking a seat by his side and holding him in his arms he was driven to the City Hospital. The fever still was high upon him, but he was not so lost as not to feel and express his gratitude to Charles, who saw him to a room, and put into a neat bed covered with clean linen sheets.

Charles was anxious to hasten on to Philadelphia. He had written to Mary (his only letter in three years) the day after his graduation, that he would be at her house on a certain day. But the poor old man would not suffer him to leave him. He seemed to hang upon him, and cling to him as if his life depended on his staying with him till he was out of danger.

After a little reflection Charles resolved to remain, at least, two or three days with Mr. Goddard, for this was the name upon an old pocket-book without money in it which the attendant removed from his pocket.

For eleven days Charles watched and nursed by the stranger's bedside, until the danger was over. He then told him that he must go on his journey; that another waited for and expected him.

"Well, go, and God bless you. You have saved my life. I shall never forget you. I have your name. When I forget my own name I shall forget yours and your devotion to me, a poor, sick stranger. Where do you live?"

"I have no home. I am a missionary to go where I am to be sent. My father lives in Philadelphia, but he has disowned me, because I became a minister."

"You are poor, then?"

"I have nothing; yet what I have I will share with you. You are ill, and will need money. Take these eight dollars."

"No. You are too generous. You are poor. I will not rob you."

"If I have not money enough left to get to Philadelphia I can go on foot. We Nashotah men are great walkers."

"You are as generous and liberal as you are humane," answered the elderly man, grasping his hand. "I can get money by writing to a friend. Keep all you have. If you must go, Heaven reward you."

An hour afterwards Charles was in the cars on his way. In due time he reached Philadelphia. He presented himself, from motives of filial duty, at his father's house, but was denied admittance. With a clear conscience he now sought the abode of Mr. Carey, and was received by Mary with all the affection he could have desired. He found that she had not abated in her love, and that absence had rather increased their mutual affection. He now learned from her that the wonderful trunk was sent by herself.

The next day he called on her father, and formally proposed that he should consent to his marriage with Mary.

"I respect you, sir. I honor your perseverance in your profession. But Mary has been delicately nurtured. She cannot bear the privations of a young clergyman's life."

"I shall have six hundred dollars a year, sir, where I am going, and——"

Mr. Carey smiled.

"Six hundred dollars is but a shell of poverty to begin with. I am not rich. I cannot help you. You will both suffer. Wait four or five years until by your talents you command a salary that will enable you to wed without drawing into your own privations a young woman who knows not a care or sorrow."

Mr. Carey was firm, though respectful. He absolutely refused his consent to their union. Mary, with tears, consented to wait.

Four or five years is a long time for lovers to wait—who have also waited three years besides—neither permitted in the interim to write to the other.

Charles spent ten days in Philadelphia, and was on his way about ten o'clock in the morning of the last day to bid a sad "good-bye" to the sorrowful Mary, when his rich and worldly father met him, and passed him without recognizing the respectfully lifted hat of his son. This persistent conduct of his father filled his bosom with grief. As he was passing the Post-office, he entered, expecting a letter from his Bishop. One, post marked New York, was handed to him. The superscription was in an unknown hand. Upon opening it he was stunned with joy and wonder at reading as follows:—

Rev. Sir: Mr. George Goddard, the wealthy manufacturer, died five days ago, on his return from Buffalo, and has made you his sole heir. Your presence is required here immediately. The property bequeathed to you is estimated at one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and is wholly unincumbered. The deceased was a bachelor, and without male heirs. The motive for this bequest is in the will stated to be in return for your Christian kindness shown to a stranger, sick and robbed of his money in a strange land.

I am, sir, respectfully, Timothy Peters,
Executor, and Attorney at Law, 67 Nassau st.

Was this letter a hoax? Could such news be true? He flew with the letter to Mary. He then for the first time gave her the particulars of his attention to Mr. Goddard. By her advice he went to New York that evening. The next day he wrote as follows:—

"It is all true! Poor Mr. Goddard relapsed after reaching the city, and died, making his will in my favor. He was as rich as stated; but one of those men who display no signs of wealth in dress. He had gone to Chicago to buy lands, and on his return was taken ill; and while lying on the cable had been robbed of four hundred dollars in bills; hence his apparent poverty. How extraordinary has my but common Christian charity been recompensed. This is a gift of Heaven to us. I shall probate the will, and soon return to make you mine. Inform your father of our good fortune."

In a month the lovers, so faithful and true, were married. Charles, instead of going west, took a parish in New York, resolved to devote his life and wealth to the benefit of the sick and poor and strangers, returning it to God by the same channel through which he had so wonderfully received it.

* All the above is *fact*.

Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

VOICES

IN THE RECOLLECTIONS PAINTERS RECEIVE IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, AMONG THE EPITAPHS OF GREAT STATES-MEN THEIR SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

We have heard their world voices by the greater where we are laid:
We have heard their sounding eyes gain in our funeral shadow—
Gain clear with them pointing Shadow's nature where its shadow-lands darken.
Yonder by a crystal noise, Audubon reveal the warblers' wings;
In all seems, all's eyes of tones crushed by Nonsense in their mould:
Are the yellow stones of youth only known to them as gold?
Is there nothing to them help to the parents hath died?
Nothing sacred in the cells guarded by the Grave's quiet sleep?
Even in awful intimation, the Americans! and were
Answers that we laughed and died for, over every dismissed grave;
Hear and bid the sacrilegious hark unto their drums—as I
Have their noble names in human laugh they want the forms of men!
To see, for ourselves we're planning: why be as when we
Are the voices of the Revolution's deeds:
For patriotism, for your own home sustain the American
governing vessel!
Hark! from Yonder hear the summons—Guard, my Guard-
ry; guard the rest
Of the men who by your freedom drew the sword and heard the breast!

I have seen your marble splendor that above their dust has
I have seen the world and eternal mystery of the leaders
who
It may all forget the struggles of a ragged but humbler men!"

Then he cries, your Sires Father! parted from you, yet he
Yet he pours that he be worthy of the Revolution's deeds:
For patriotism, for your own home sustain the American
governing vessel!
For yourselves, for your own home sustain the American
governing vessel!

I have seen a shadow the sacredness of this burial-ground, it
be happened that hundreds of the patients of the American
Hospitals, which had their birth in the prisons of the United
States, suppliers of the British Army, were deposited in the
cemeteries enclosed.—The Rev. Dr. Flinder's Journal Appen-
dix to the Common Council Committee.

A FIGHT WITH A CONDOR.

BY ERSKINE BENNETT.

An old friend, having just returned from a tour through South America, and, as one of his many excuses and impose some curiosities which he had brought home with him. Having a great desire to see something from a country which I had never visited, I accepted the invitation and one day, having plenty of leisure, I called upon him.

On entering his cabinet, the first object which struck my attention was an immense bird, some sixteen feet across the wings, which was suspended from the center of the ceiling in a horizontal attitude. I expressed my wonder at its size and build, and my friend replied, with a smile:

"Yes, sir, that is a wonderful bird, and not more wonderful and peril than all the rest put together."

"Ah! indeed?"

"Yes, it was a thrilling adventure," he pursued, "and when you have finished your inspection, I will give you the details over a bottle of generous wine."

After spending some two hours in the cabinet, we retired to the library, where, after drinking each other's health, my friend commenced his tale as follows:

"Whilst I was staying in Chuquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, I met two gentlemen who were brothers, belonging to a distinguished old Spanish family. We soon became intimate friends; and learning, during one of our conversations, that they shortly intended to visit La Paz, one of the most flourishing cities of South America, situated on the Andes, in the western part of Bolivia, I had no doubt then that, if not intruding, it would afford me great pleasure to accompany them, to which a polite and cordial assent was given.

"Accordingly, in a few days, we were en route for La Paz, anticipating great pleasure from our trip. We arrived there without any incident; and after spending some six days very pleasantly in the city, one of my friends proposed that we should make a visit to Illapu Tilleon, a mountain high enough to employ us for weeks, in exploring the rugged and almost inaccessible gorges and crags of its rocky shores.

"It was immediately decided that we should go; and the second day after, led by an experienced guide, we sallied out of the town, provided with all that was necessary for our journey. La Paz, although situated in a deep valley, is some twelve thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and the hike to which we were now sending our way, is some more or four thousand feet higher, so that at first it seemed quite curious to me that we should proceed upward instead of downward, but I soon forgot this in the danger of our journey; which, as we ascended above every other known mountain paths, winding sometimes over jagged peaks, and sometimes along the very brink of chasms that seemed to have been rent in the side of the earth, required my whole attention to keep myself from falling down rough hollows, or being precipitated into some opening in the solid rock—down which, if a stone were thrown, the most wicked who and receive till it finally lost itself in the nether depths below.

"At last we arrived on the shores of the lake, which presented a wild, picturesque appearance—the landscape, winding round a grand rugged majesty with a sweet calm repose, as to produce a harmonious yet awe-inspiring effect. Here, as the sun was fast sinking behind the tops of the snow-capped peaks on the western side, we resolved to make our first camp, and remain our expeditions on the morrow.

"Soon after our halt, and while Josef, our guide, was preparing our frugal repast, he called our attention to an object which projected from the side of a rugged crag far up on a distant peak.

"Guessing, as he after he satisfied we perceived it, that is the nest of a condor, which for years has lived here young to security from the approach of the most daring who might attempt to climb to the spot.

"He then went on to relate several accounts of daring mountaineers, who had endeavored to climb to its nest, and had been lost; and of one in particular, who had been attacked by the ferocious bird, and, though defending himself bravely, had been dragged over the ledge and dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"'Do you not think we could kill it?' said I, burning to Josef.

"'No, Senor,' he replied in a decided manner, 'the condor is at all times a formidable antagonist; but double so when, as at the present instance, it has its young in nest, which it will defend most savagely.

"But the more our guide dwelt upon the danger attending an endeavor to take the bird, the more our desire increased to be the heroes of an exploit in which all others had failed; and after some further discussion of the subject, we resolved to proceed on the following day in a gluamy cap which overhung the ledge on which the nest was built, where it was supposed we might obtain at least a glimpse of the terrible bird.

"Accordingly, the next morning, we set off on our expedition.

"Josef, who was in high spirits at the prospect of a little sport, kept singing at intervals during the day, and, as the difficult and perilous nature of the ground increased, proceeded to the task with more alacrity.

"At length, after a solitary and arduous journey, we landed on the top of the cave referred to, where, before proceeding to any further operation, we partook of refreshments. After finishing our repast we clambered to the edge of what I, feeling points to along the edge of the rocks, to make a glimpse if possible of the nest; but being unable to do so, it was proposed to descend at a point further down, and creep along the ledge, till I could see whether the mother was there or not. Our guide had now warmly protested against my rashness; but my curiosity being excited to the utmost by what I had heard of the bird, I was resolved to satisfy it at all hazards.

"After some further discussion upon the matter, it was finally settled that my friends should lower me to the ledge; and if, on obtaining a sight of the nest, I should discover the mother to be absent, I was to signify the same to my friends above me, and return to the point of the ledge where I had landed, and should then be drawn up.

"Looking to the condition of my revolvers, and depositing my gun in the shade, I prepared for the perilous enterprise, by divesting myself of all superfluous clothing, leaving on the end of the rope securely round my body, and running it over a small block of wood, to be placed along the sharp edge of the rock.

"Thus prepared, I cautiously lowered myself over, till I was beneath the point where the ledge, being a moment, to see that all was right, I gave the signal, and was lowered gradually down. All my feet touched the ledge I sought; then creeping carefully and cautiously along, I came at last within sight of the nest, which was constructed of large branches removed from the distance at which I stood to be some three or four feet in diameter.

"Thinking the mother was away, and with a heart beating joyfully at my good fortune, I advanced towards the spot which the condor had chosen for the scene in which to rear her young. A few yards on this side of it there was a cave-like opening in the wall of the precipice, of the dimension of a small room, around whose sides grew a few stunted shrubs, which, no doubt, had been used in a crevice of the ledge. Passing on, I came to the nest itself, and, looking down, discovered three birds, and to be lined with something exceedingly soft.

"Producing a small cord, I now hurriedly and anxiously proceeded to bind the nestlings, each of which was nearly as large as a full-grown hen, and then engaged, I felt something like a pull upon the rope which was round my body; and looking up, my feelings, who, on looking around, I perceived that the mother was there, and had returned to her nest unobserved. Her wings were partly outstretched above me, and that some fifty feet of it now hung over the precipice.

"Quickly grasping the bird, I drew my knife, divided the line, and was in the act of drawing it in, when a wild cry arose from my companions, followed up in alarm, to my horror I perceived, after a moment's consideration, that the condor had, in the exact direction of the spot where I stood.

"Mortal God alone can ever forget that agonizing moment, as the whole peril of my situation rose so near to my view! Alone upon that rocky point, and within my reach, the bird of the storm, struggle; and hastening back to the cave-like opening, I drew my revolver, and awaited the coming onset.

"I had not long to wait. With an awful shriek, which echoed from crag to crag, and seemed to rend the earth, required my whole attention to keep myself from being down rough hollows, or being precipitated into some opening in the solid rock—down which, if a stone were thrown, the most wicked who and receive till it finally lost itself in the nether depths below.

"At last we arrived on the shores of the lake, which presented a wild, picturesque appearance—the landscape, winding round a grand rugged majesty with a sweet calm repose, as to produce a harmonious yet awe-inspiring, effect. Here, as the sun was fast sinking behind the tops of the snow-capped peaks on the western side, we resolved to make our first camp, and resume